The feruent loue *I* beare to young *Anne Page*,
And mutally her loue againe to mee:
But her father ſtill againſt her choiſe,
Doth ſeeke to marrie her to fooliſh *Slender*,
And in a robe of white this night diſguiſed,
Wherein fat *Falſtaffe* had a mightie ſcare,
Muſt *Slender* take her and carrie her to *Catlen*,
And there vnknowne to any, marrie her.
Now her mother ſtill againſt that match,
And firme for Doctor *Cayus*, in a robe of red
By her deuice, the Doctor muſt ſteale her thence,
And ſhe hath giuen conſent to goe with him.

Hoſt. Now which means ſhe to deceiue, father or mother?

Fen. Both my good Hoſt, to go along with me.
Now here it reſts, that you would procure a prieſt,
And tarrie readie at the appointment place,
To giue our harts vnited matrimonie. (among thē?

Hoſt. But how will you come to ſteale her from

Fen. That hath ſweet *Nan* and I agreed vpon,
And by a robe of white, the which ſhe weares,
With ribones pendant flaring bout her head,
I ſhalbe ſure to know her, and conuey her thence,
And bring her where the prieſt abides our cōming,
And by thy furtherance there be married.

Hoſt. Well, husband your deuice, Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the maide, you ſhall not lacke a Prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall *I* euermore be bound vnto thee.
Beſides Ile alwaies be thy faithfull friend.

Exit omnes.

Enter ſir Iohn with a Bucks head vpon him.

Fal. This is the third time, well *I*le venter,
They ſay there is good luck in old numbers,
Ioue transformed himſelfe into a bull, And

And *I* am here a Stag, and *I* thinke the fatteſt
In all *Windſor* forreſt: well *I* ſtand here
For *Horne* the hunter, waiting my Does comming.

Enter miſtris Page, and miſtris Ford.

Miſ. Pa. Sir *Iohn*, where are you?

Fal. Art thou come my doe? what and thou too?
Welcome Ladies.

Mi. For. I I ſir *Iohn*, *I* ſee you will not faile,
Therefore you deſerue far better then our loues,
But it grieues me for your late croſſes.

Fal. This makes amends for all.
Come diuide me betweene you, each a hanch,
For my horns Ile bequeath thē to your husbands,
Do *I* ſpeake like *Horne* the hunter, ha?

Miſ. Pa. God forgiue me, what noiſe is this?

There is a noiſe of hornes, the two women run away.

Enter ſir Hugh like a Satyre, and boyes dreſt like Fayries, miſtreſſe Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries: they ſing a ſong about him, and afterward ſpeake.

(groues,

Quic: You Fayries that do haunt theſe ſhady
Looke round about the wood if you can eſpie
A mortall that doth haunt our ſacred round:
If ſuch a one you can eſpie, giue him his due,
And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and blew:
Giue them their charge *Puck* ere they part away.

Sir Hu. Come hither *Peane*, go to the countrie houſes,
And when you finde a ſlut that lies a ſleepe,
And all her diſhes foule, and roome vnſwept,
With your long nailes pinch her till ſhe crie,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22299) LONDON, 1602 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (Huth 48) Octavo